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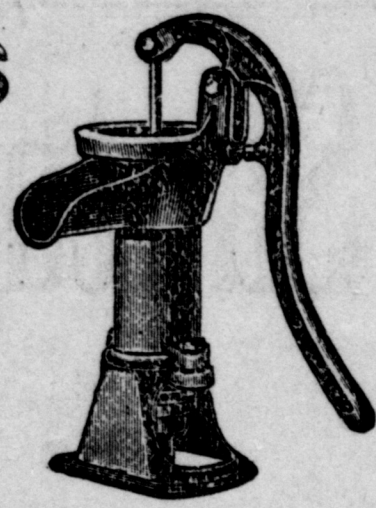
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The leading producers of Tweedes and other high class woolen goods in the Maritime Provinces.

It is to the interest of those requiring handsome durable, pure wool cloths to examine Oxfords before purchasing. Our products in the latest styles and designs for 1898 are now in the hands of the undermentioned Oxford Agents, who with their customary courtesy and attention will serve the good people of Queens County.

AGENCIES:—J. W. Dickie, Gagetown; John Robinson, jr. Narrows (team on the road); Daniel Palmer, jr., Douglas Harbor (team on the road); William Livingston, Inchby (team on the road); Mrs. J. E. Coy, Upper Gagetown.

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Oxford, Nova Scotia

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50 Bbls Portland Cement.

1 Car Load Snow Flake Lime.

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TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the I. O. G. T.

All lodges, and others interested in temperance work, are earnestly solicited to contribute for this column. Correspondence to be sent to Secretary, Cambridge Union Lodge; McDonalds-Corner.

"Let all who love our Order and desire its progress—who love our Order and desire its maintenance—who would extend a knowledge of our beautiful organization, and perpetuate its principles, which aim to promote fraternity, to unite men and women in acts of benevolence and incite them to a generous emulation for the good of all mankind, that our Charity may be co-extensive with the universe, winning by gentle influence and example the erring and unfortunate victims of the tyrant alcohol to a place in our inner sanctuary, where sweet Peace sits enthroned, and Purity has an abiding place, and Love is the guiding star, unite in a determination to sustain and support this Temperance Column.

W. E. B.)

LICENSE.

There are many evils in the world, but the licensed liquor traffic on our continent is the greatest evil, and the mightiest enemy of God and man.

It is entrenched behind five strongholds: (1) License, (2), Supposed financial interest, (3) Social custom, (4) Appetite, (5) Human depravity.

The first stronghold is the license system. To license the sale of liquor is contrary to the function of law, which is to suppress evil. If liquor is not an evil, its sale should not be restricted as it is; but as it is an evil it should not be licensed. We all know strong drink to be a great evil, as ten thousand times ten thousand have been worse than murdered by it; hence, no person can favor licensing it without acting contrary to reason and outraging the very idea of law.

Drinking is an evil, whether at the side board, club, saloon or hotel bar, or whether the liquor is sold under high license or low license.

Some people say that a prohibitory law cannot be enforced.

It can be enforced as well as other laws. Shall we license theft and murder, because some people will steal and kill? Some say "Prohibition is unconstitutional and contrary to British freedom." Are such persons blind, or lunatic? We prohibit murder, stealing, cruelty to animals, shooting game out of season, slaughter-houses in town and many other things.

We have now five prohibitory liquor laws. Strong drink is prohibited to be sold, (1) To Indians, (2) on election days, (3) near to public works, (4) on Saturday nights and Sundays, and (5) to minors. Moreover the restrictions in the license system prohibit nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the thousand from manufacturing and selling liquor; surely then we have the right to prohibit the other fellow, and so have total prohibition.

Every reform passes through three stages: (1) Derision, (2) Opposition, (3) Victory. Prohibition has passed through the two stages, and the third is dawning. Help to bring the glad day of victory.

Second stronghold: Supposed financial interest. Some people think that they will get more for their grain, or save on their taxes; politicians and others talk of the revenue, and liquor-sellers think to make money out of the traffic.

Our country is poorer every day because of the traffic. A country is enriched, not by liquor revenue, but by the muscle and mind of the inhabitants. Any thing that weakens or destroys muscle and mind robs our country. Give back to mothers, wives and sisters, their sons, husbands, and brothers that have been worse than murdered by the legalized liquor traffic, before speaking of the revenue and compensation to liquor-dealers. Hearts are broken that no money can heal.

Social custom: People have been wrongly educated. Many drink merely because others do. We may rejoice, however, that custom is changing. Still some are slaves to the base custom who do not use their brains to think for themselves and others lack courage to carry out their convictions.

Appetite: People may assign many reasons for drinking but the greatest reason of all is they like it. Temperance is the natural gratification of a natural appetite. Appetite for liquor is not natural but acquired; hence, to use it as a beverage to any extent is intemperance. Many are the victims of appetite who do not know it. The love of drink is a mighty passion; but let the love of liberty and the love of home be its master.

Human depravity: The wickedness or "cussedness" in humanity seeks exhilaration or lower degradation in strong drink. The grace of God is the only certain and permanent cure. Are you a total abstainer? Ever remain such. Are you a drinker? Quit it at once if you can. If you have an appetite that is overmastering, at once accept Christ "Infallible Grace Cure" and be a sober man and a Christian.

THE VISION BY THE BROOKSIDE.

Night, the sable goddess, has folded her dark mantle about her, and with her silver starred crown upon her jetty locks, has waved a silent adieu to the sleeping

world, and is speeding her way to the silent west.

Close upon her flying steps comes the dew-shod feet of morn.

Clad in her azure colored robes, crowned with half-opened flowers, winged with the golden beams of the rising sun, and looking the very goddess of beauty, she invitingly bids the world awake.

Lifting her hands, dripping with Nature's true diamonds—the dew-drops—she gaily dances over fields and meadows, along broad highways, and flourishing cities, thriving towns and tiny villages, greeting all with a morning kiss, from her dew-bathed fingers.

Merry races she runs with the sparkling brooklets, pausing now and then to place a dew-drop in the tiny blossoms, that so timidly look up to welcome her as she passes.

But away down in a green valley, close beside one of these thriving towns where a tiny stream glided over the pebbles, and shining stones kissed by trailing wild flowers, and the drooping branches of the willow, there she pauses, and bending down caresses the brow of a pale sleeper. The willows bend lower, and the streamer sings a softer, sadder strain as she tenderly pushes back the rings of brown hair, and bathes the flushed cheeks with the cool dew-drops and softly sighs as she wonders,—"Why is he here?" Can you not guess?

In the dark silent reign of the Night Queen 'he voices of pleasure called him to join the merry dance, and he left the quiet evening scene of his home, and joined them in their sports, and thus where the tide of mirth flowed the highest, and the bands sweet tones pealed forth their sweetest strains, allured by the excitement of the hour, and the influence of would-be-friends, he forgot the duty he owed his Maker, and the gentle teachings of "Justice, Truth, and Mercy."

And though in the depths of the cup, held so temptingly before him, he saw crimes, chains and death, he did not resist but in all the pride of his young manhood, forgetting all his lofty ambitions, he yielded to the fell destroyer, and sank to the level of the Common Drunkard.

Once, twice, thrice he drained the cup to its dregs, and then, maddened by the thoughts of his weeping mother, and sorrowing friends, and the taunts and shame that awaited him, he drank still deeper, and daylight found these maddening thoughts drowned in the forgetfulness of sleep.

And did they leave him thus? with no one to speak kindly to him, or reach forth a willing hand to lead him back to his manhood again? The companions of his midnight revel did; but God did not. He saw the temptation, struggle and fall of the youth, and we know that oftimes He sends us severe trials that they may prove to be our greatest blessings. He opened the shining portals of Heaven, and sent a band of angels to minister to the erring youth, and there by the wayside stream, he beheld a vision of rare beauty, with the mournful gaze of the blue-eyed morn.

The cluster of willows bending so gracefully over the brook, were pushed aside, and the forms of four ministering spirits gathered around the unconscious boy.

One of them, a tall slender maiden, knelt beside him. In her hand she held the Holy Book, while from eye beamed the "light of page divine."

Tearfully she bent over him, till the shining lengths of her dark locks mingled with the brown waving hair of the sleeper. Slowly the lids are unclosed, and with a look of startled surprise, the blue eyes are gazing upon the face of Truth.

Smiling sadly, and in a low, sweet voice, she said, "young man, arose thyself. Has not the Good Book said 'The drunkard shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe the man in rags.'"

"Hast thou no thought for thy poor weeping mother, who vainly wonders where her wayward son can be?"

"Do not, we beg of you, add to her manifold cares by a repetition of last night's scene. Arouse all these dormant energies; awake again the train of slumbering genius and lofty ambitions, and become once more a man. We have watched you in your temptation and fall, and we now come to fulfil our mission."

"Come hither, my brother; twine about him the golden cord of Love. Clasp thy strong arms about him, and tell him of the joys and pleasures of thy ever guileless nature."

"Impart to him of the strength given thee from on High. It is my duty to point him to the blessed promises of this Good Book; but it is thy mission to teach him to love them, to make them the waymarks of his future life."

"Tell him of that beautiful land where the crown of unfading glory awaits the good and pure; where Love rules supremely the host of shining ones. Teach him his duty to his fellow man, and from this night's sad experience admonish him never to pass a fallen brother without reaching forth his hand to aid him. Do not forsake him, my brother, but should he again be tempted, clasp thy arms about him more closely, and with thy gentle, soothing words, allure him from the tempter's snare."

"And now, my gentle sister, Purity, in thy pure white robes, with thy wealth of sunny hair floating around thee like a golden cloud, come hither, and place thy hand upon the brow of this erring son of earth. Bathe the aching head in the cool waters from the fountain of life. Minister unto him in thy own gentle way, fair

sister, for we know that the winning voice, and sweet, kind teachings of Purity, will not be in vain.

"And you, my brother, last, but not the least of our little band, come and aid us in bearing this blue-eyed boy back to his manhood again. We know that thy arms are strong and that thou art constant in all thy duties."

"Teach him the need of being faithful in whatever his life-work may be. Whisper to him the watchword of our little band. Tell him of the crown that awaits the righteous above, where, guided by the hand of Truth, supported by the strong arm of Love, soothed by the gentle voice of Purity, and crowned with glory by the hand of Fidelity, we find him tried in the world's broad field of battle, approved and blessed by the hand of God and dwelling with the select about the throne where the Father reigns in glory."

And now, my dear reader, need we fear to leave him? The bright-eyed morn thought not as she stood leaning over the willow boughs, watching this beautiful group, for with a merry laugh she shook the dewdrops from her fingers, and enticed the sun to throw its glittering beams upon the sacred scene, and then, with swift steps resumed her daily flight.

The brooklet sang a glad, earnest strain; the birds caroled in the trees above, and the young man went forth to meet the taunts and scorn of the world with a thankful heart, a firmer step, blessing God for the lesson he had learned.

Mrs. O'Hare—"Faith, it's an iligant job me husband has now, Mrs. McClune. 'Tis a night watchman he is." Mrs. McClune—"And how in the world do you call that an iligant job, Mrs. O'Hare?" Mrs. O'Hare—"Why, sure, he sleeps all day, and that saves his board; and he works all night and that saves his lodging."

Father Flynn—"Why don't you have your pig sty farther from your house, Geogan?"

Geogan—"Phat for, yer riverence?"

Father Flynn—"Because it's unhealthy."

Geogan—"Devil a bit, yer riverence! The pig never had a sick day since he wuz born!"

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"This man, ———, has worked for me a day, and I am satisfied."

Countryman (to dentist)—The tooth next to that 'un aches, too, Doc.
Dentist—Yes; it aches in sympathy.
Countryman—Yank it out; durn sech sympathy!"

She—"Have you heard 'Songs Without Words?'"

He—"I have heard a lot of them without music."

After that the incident and the piano were closed.

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NOTICE.

A Note of Hand, given to L. D. Ferris which he has sold, no value received, which I will not pay, which is dated Dec. 22rd, 1897.

WILLIAM E. FERRIS.

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I offer for Sale a piece of Land situate on Big Musquash Island containing about twenty acres. Grass can be cut with machine, "Good Barn." Also Jersey cattle different ages and Guernsey Bull Calf. Cattle all are Registered.

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